Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelfe, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope here is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? pray you if it be, giue it me, for I am ſlowe of ſtudy.

Quin. You may do it *extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roare, that I will do any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roare again, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers ſonne.

Bot. I grant you friends, if you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more diſcretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce ſo, that I will roare you as gently as any ſucking Doue; I will roare you and t'were any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Piramus* is a ſweet fac't man, a proper man as one ſhal ſee in a ſommers day; a moſt louely gentlemanlike man, therefore you muſt needs play *Piramus.*

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it, in eyther your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange tawny beard, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But maſters heere are your parts, and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you,

you, to con them by to
the palace wood, a m
light, there we will reh
we ſhall be dogd with
In the meane time, I wi
our play wants. I pray y

Bot. We will mee
obſcenely and couragi

Quin. At the Dukes

Bot. Enough, hold o

Enter a fairy at o

Robin. How now ſpi

Fai. Ouer hill, ouer
Ouer parke, ouer pale,
I do wander euery wh
And I ſerue the Fairy
The cowſlips tall, her p
In their gold coats, ſpe
Thoſe be Rubies, Fair
In thoſe freckles, liue t
I muſt goe ſeeke ſome
And hang a pearle in e
Farwell thou Lob of
Our Queene and all he

Rob. The King doth
Take heed the Queen
For *Oberon* is paſſing fe
Becauſe that ſhe, as he
A louely boy ſtollen fr
She neuer had ſo ſwee
And iealous *Oberon* w
Knight of his traine, t
But ſhe, perforce with
Crownes him with flo

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